



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

in that direction, and turning suddenly round a clump of copsewood, began to climb an old mimosa tree which stood at the one side of it. The raging beast, however, was too quick for him. Bounding forward with a roar, which my informant described as being one of the most frightful sounds he ever heard, he caught the unfortunate man with his terrible horns, just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him into the air with such force that the body fell, dreadfully mangled, into a cleft of the tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice, apparently looking for the man, until weakened with loss of blood he again sunk on his knees. The rest of the party, recovering from their confusion, then came up and despatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead."

#### AMERICAN PENITENTIARIES.

In some recent numbers of our Journal we enabled our readers to judge of the present state of society in the United States. We have heard much of the improved condition of their prisons and prison discipline—the following extract from the "Report of William Crawford, Esq. on the Penitentiaries of the United States," printed by order of the House of Commons, will serve as a specimen of the way in which brother Jonathan manages these affairs. That solitary confinement is productive, in many instances, of great benefit, has been established beyond the possibility of a doubt. It is evident, however, that great circumspection is required in the mode of administering this species of punishment.

#### PHILADELPHIAN PENITENTIARY.

"This penitentiary is situated about a mile from the city of Philadelphia. The site occupies about twelve acres. It is built of stone, and surrounded by a wall thirty feet in height. Every room is vaulted and fire-proof. At each angle of the boundary wall is a tower for the purpose of overlooking the establishment. In the centre is a circular building, or observatory, from which several corridors radiate: they are under complete inspection. The cells are ranged on each side of the corridors, in the wall of which is a small aperture and iron door to each cell: through this aperture the meals of the prisoner are handed to him without his seeing the officer, and he may at all times be thus inspected without his knowledge. Other openings are provided for the purposes of ventilation and warmth. Heated air is conducted by flues from stoves under the corridors. In the arched ceiling of each cell is a window for the admission of light. The cells are eleven feet nine inches long, seven feet six inches wide, and sixteen feet high to the top of the arched ceiling. The cells on the ground floor have double doors leading into a yard, eighteen feet by eight feet, in which the convict is allowed to take exercise for an hour daily. The walls of the yard are eleven feet high. Prisoners are not allowed to walk at the same time in adjoining yards; and when in the yards, are inspected by a watchman placed for that purpose in the tower of the observatory. \* \* \* On the admission of a convict he is taken into an office at the entrance of the penitentiary, and subjected to the usual course of examination. His person is cleansed, and he is clothed in a uniform. He is then blindfolded and conducted to his cell. On his way thither he is for a short time detained in the observatory, where he is admonished by the warden as to the necessity of implicit obedience to the regulations. On arriving in his cell, the hood is removed, and he is left alone. There he may remain for years, perhaps for life, without seeing any human being but the inspectors, the warden and his officers, and perhaps occasionally one of the official visitors of the prison. For the first day or two, the convict is not allowed to have even a Bible, nor is any employment given to him for at least a week, a period during which he is the object of the warden's special observation. The prisoner soon petitions for an occupation. It is not, however, until solitude appears to have effectually subdued him, that employment of any kind is introduced into his cell. \* \* \*

"So strict is this seclusion, that I found, on conversing with the prisoners, that they were not aware of the exis-

tence of the cholera, which had but a few months before prevailed in Philadelphia."

#### SYSTEM OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT AT AUBURN AND ELSEWHERE.

"A trial of solitary confinement, day and night, without labour, was made at Auburn in the year 1822, for ten months, upon eighty of the most hardened convicts. They were each confined in a cell only seven feet long, three feet and a half wide, and seven feet high. They were on no account permitted to leave the cell, during that long period, on any occasion, not even for the purposes of nature. They had no means of obtaining any change of air, nor opportunities of taking exercise. The most disastrous consequences were naturally the result.

"Several persons became insane; health was impaired, and life endangered. The discipline of the prison at that period was one of unmixed severity. There was no moral nor religious instruction of any kind communicated within its walls, nor consolation administered by which the convict was enabled to bear up against the cruelty of this treatment. Nor was a trial of the same description, which took place in the State of Maine, conducted under more advantageous circumstances. The night-rooms or cells at this prison are literally pits entered from the top by a ladder, through an aperture about two feet square. The opening is secured by an iron grate, used as a trap-door; the only other orifice is one at the bottom, about an inch and a half in diameter, for the admission of warm air from underneath. The cells are eight feet nine inches wide, and nine feet eight inches high. Their gloom is indescribable. The diet, during confinement, was bread and water only. Thus immured, and without any occupation, it will excite no surprise to learn that a man who had been sentenced to pass seventy days in one of these miserable pits hung himself after four days' imprisonment. Another, condemned to sixty days, also committed suicide on the twenty-fourth day. It became necessary to remove four others, who were unable to endure this cruelty, from the cell to the hospital repeatedly, before the expiration of the sentence. It is said that similar experiments have been made in Virginia, and that various diseases, terminating in death, were the result. The cells in which the prisoners were confined have been since disused: they are, in fact, dungeons, being on the basement story, and so dark as to require a lamp in visiting them. In damp weather the water stands in drops on the walls. The cells were not warmed at any season of the year. A prisoner's feet were actually frozen during his confinement."

Such is the system pursued by the "wise men of the West," to work reformation in the minds of rational beings!

#### AN ADVENTURE.

"It is many years since a gentleman happened to take up a night's lodging in a room which overlooked a church-yard, situated in the midst of a small town. Whether he was a stranger, a visitor, or a resident there, I cannot, at this moment, call to mind; nor do I mention the name of the town, for obvious reasons. The gentleman was young, strong, and by no means visionary—so that if he looked out of his window before he retired to rest at midnight, it was most probably to speculate upon the weather. Once having looked, however, he could not withdraw his gaze—his eyes were rivetted upon the church—for he perceived, to his great surprise, that a light was burning within it, casting a dull gleam from the windows which surround the altar. He watched for a few moments in silence, and, it may be supposed, with as much awe as curiosity, until he was certain that there could be no deceit—for the light remained burning in the same place. He was resolved to ascertain what so singular an appearance could mean; but he would not go alone—perhaps he durst not—perhaps he wished for the company of other witnesses besides himself. One or two neighbours were called up, and the keys of the church-yard procured, after some delay. There burned the light still; and, though their eyes were anxiously fixed upon it as the gate creaked upon its rusty hinges to admit them, it neither faded nor moved. They approached the building—the windows were so high that

to gain any view of what might be passing in the interior, it was necessary to have recourse to a ladder; this, too, after some delay, they obtained. They applied it to the large window of the chancel; and there was some deliberation as to who should first ascend. The gentleman who had given the alarm at last volunteered the service, and, with a panting breath, and a brow covered with beads of dew, reached the top and looked down—the rest huddling together behind him, and pressing closely one upon the other. The sight he saw was sufficient to shake the courage of the stoutest. The communion-table had been uncovered, as for the rite, and drawn to a short distance from the wall. Two candles had been brought from the vestry, lighted, and placed thereon; three figures were seated round it, playing at cards! They were young men of licentious habits and notorious impiety; and their flushed countenances and disordered clothes, showed that their present audacious act of sacrilege had been planned at some debauch. But there was a fourth at the table—that fourth a corpse, which had that day been buried in a vault within the church! It had been dragged from its grave by these blasphemous rioters to assist at their game, as if they were resolved that no horror should be wanting. You may think how ghastly the dead face looked when contrasted with their rude and glaring countenances; how chilling was its motionless silence in return to their infernal baldry. Those who beheld looked long ere they could believe that living men could dare to perpetrate so enormous a crime. Other inhabitants of the neighbourhood were presently collected; the church door unlocked; and the gamblers interrupted—who could have dared to wait until the game was played out? They were immediately taken into custody; and it was further discovered that the criminals belonged to some of the most respectable families of the place. How they had gained an entrance, or what had tempted them to so fearfully wicked an act, was never known—or, if it was known, was never told; for, in consideration of their families, the matter was hushed up, the miscreants allowed to escape from —, to re-appear there no more!"

#### FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Some years ago a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the force of imagination, being desirous to add experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the minister of justice, to be allowed an opportunity of proving what he asserted by an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister complied with his request; and the criminal agreed to the proposal, counting himself happy in being freed from the painful exhibition of a public execution. At the time appointed, the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound, and every thing being ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms with the point of a pen. At the four corners of the table were four little fountains, filled with water, from which issued small streams falling into basins placed there to receive them. The patient, thinking it was his blood that trickled into the basins, became weaker and weaker by degrees, and the remarks of the medical men in attendance, in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood (made with that intention,) increased the delusion, and he spoke more and more faintly, until his voice was at length scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dropping of the fountains, had so extraordinary an effect on the brain of the poor patient, that all his vital energies were soon gone, although before a very strong man, and he died without having lost a drop of blood.

#### MEELAN; A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

"Enchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear."—*Milton*.

'Tis night, and the moon, from her star-clad height,  
Flings her marble of silver hue  
O'er Clonfert's green graves; and all sparkling bright  
Daloo, in her gleam-beams, a sheet of light,  
Where murmur its waters blue.

How gloom from afar, o'er the soothing scene,  
The tall cliff and wavy wood;  
And mournful and grey are the rude rocks seen,  
As heaves the green turf in huge mounds between,  
Where Castle M'Auliy stood.\*

Here frown'd the dark turrets in lordly pride,  
Here smil'd the gay chieftain's hall;  
The clansmen here marshall'd in order wide,  
When war-fires high blazed on the mountain's side,  
For battle at glory's call.

Here ne'er shall the string of the clarseach wake;  
The songs of the hall are o'er;  
No more shall the voice of the victor break,  
When home, o'er the mountain, their wild way take,  
The kern† and cradahore‡.

The clansmen, who battled with Saxon foes,  
The chief of the lordly dome;  
The bard, at whose call the stout clansmen rose,  
In death undistinguished all calm repose—  
They are gone to their silent home!

Lo! yonder, where moss-grown the grave-stones lie,  
M'Auliffe sad-sought the tomb;  
He fell not in battle by victor high,  
Heart-broken he yielded his latest sigh  
For Meelan, his daughter's doom!

Daloo, while thou glidest thy groves between,  
Shall the maids of thy sun-lit glade  
Twine horror-fraught tales of the nuptial scene  
With the olden lays, echoed through woodland green,  
For Meelan, the gold-haired maid.

And mild as the lambkin, that crops the lea,  
And pensive as cowslip's pale,  
She oft sought the valley alone—for she  
Was woo'd by a chieftain of high degree  
In yonder dark lonely dale.

O'Herly was gallant, and brave, and gay;  
And chronicles ancient tell,  
That Malachy bid his fair daughter say,  
Who'd kiss her pure cheek on the nuptial day—  
Her choice on O'Herly fell.

Fond pair! you have woven in fancy's loom  
Sweet garlands of pleasure gay;  
Dark destiny withers your garland's bloom,  
Yet could beauty, could merit, revoke the doom,  
Not yours were this plaintive lay.

The glad nuptial morn arrives; and, lo!  
The high notes of joy resound:  
The guests are in waiting, a glorious show—  
The bards' raptur'd voices all sweetly flow,  
To join the wild harp's soft sound.

As blooms the young rose in the sun-beams clear,  
With bright pearly dew besprent;  
So fair Meelan shone, through the smile and tear,  
When the young chieftain soothed each maiden fear,  
As they to the altar went.

How glorious the pomp of the lordly train,  
That leads the young pair along;  
What silver-shod coursers proud paw'd the plain—  
Clonfert never saw, in her sacred fane,  
So gallant, so fair a throng.

To view the gay pageant the deep crowds press'd,  
Warm hearts in hot wars turmoil;  
Whose lips, warmly praying, the bright pair bless'd,  
As they went where the priests were in surplices dress'd,  
To the altar, along the aisle.

\* The castle of M'Auliffe, the Chief of Clanawly, stood over the Daloo, on the left hand side of the road to Blackwater-bridge. The foundations are now scarcely visible.

† Kern, an Irish foot soldier.

‡ Cradahore, the taker of spoils.